

THE QUIVER

— Saturday, September 8, 1866. —



(Drawn by C. J. STANILAND.)

"She sat with Conrad by the river's brink."—p. 804.

THE SILVER ARROW.—I.

I HAD been wandering all day, sketch-book in hand, through the lonely region of vine-clad hills and wooded glens which skirts the right bank of the Rhine, not far from legend-haunted territory.

VOL. I.

Suddenly, a flash of intense brilliancy dazzled the startled sight, and the deep, resounding thunder rolled in awful grandeur overhead. I had wandered on, unconscious of time and distance, and

now scarcely knew which direction to take in order to reach, as speedily as might be, a place of shelter.

Whilst I was deliberating for a moment which way to choose, I heard the quick step of some one springing hurriedly from rock to rock, breaking through the tangled mass of underwood which here clothed the side of the mountain.

A tall, active young peasant presently appeared. As soon as he caught sight of me he paused, and remarked, what was obvious enough, that we were about to have a furious storm.

I asked my way to the nearest village, and was told it was distant about a couple of German miles. This was anything but pleasant intelligence in such weather; for the rain had now begun to descend in torrents, the lightning was almost incessant, and the thunder reverberated among the hills in one continuous peal. There seemed no help for it but to hurry forward, braving the fury of the elements as best one might.

I questioned the young man as to the way, and made him understand that he might gain something more than companionship if he would show me the shortest road to a place of shelter. He willingly assented, and, to my no small satisfaction, informed me there was a monastery not far distant, whither he himself was bound, adding that the good monks would doubtless shelter me, and, if need be, provide me with a night's lodging.

Thus, whiling the time away by question and answer, and occasional remark, as we rapidly threaded the mazes of a large wood, we arrived at an opening whence two paths diverged. In the direction of the path we were following rose the majestic ruins of what appeared to be an ancient feudal castle, but we were not near enough to distinguish more than its broken outlines in the gloaming which now rendered every object indistinct.

Turning from gazing at the castle to ask my guide whether our road lay in that direction, I observed that he crossed himself, and was about to take the turning to the left. He seemed confused, and anxious to proceed by the path he had selected, when I asked him, in rather sharp tones, if he was taking the most direct way to the monastery? He stammered something about the path leading past the castle being the shortest and most direct one, but that in such a storm and in the dark it was better to go the other way. Provoked with the fellow for such absurd hesitation while we were getting wet through, I declared resolutely my determination to proceed by the shortest route to a place of shelter, and that, if I could find no other, I would take refuge in the ruined castle.

A look of wild terror overspread the manly features of my companion; his stalwart frame seemed to shake with some unfathomable horror.

"*Ach, mein Herr!*" he implored, "let us leave this awful spot and hasten to the monastery. *Der Herr* does not know that the castle and the wood are haunted: it is just in such a night as this the spirit of the Lady of the Silver Arrow will be roaming abroad!"

Just then a flash of vivid forked lightning brought the ruined castle into momentary proximity; the roar of the thunder had not died away when, on looking round, I perceived my guide was striding away in the direction he had first wished to take. Fearful of losing my way, I made up my mind to follow him, and in due time we arrived at the monastery, where we gained instant admittance, and received every kindness and attention that our wayworn plight required. Supplied with dry clothing, and refreshed with a bountiful repast, I began to look about me, and wonder how this old grey building came to be erected in the bosom of the forest. The good monks appeared to be homely, quiet souls, but little raised in intelligent culture above the rural population of the district they inhabited, —all save one, whose pale, intellectual countenance struck me at first sight as presenting something out of the common.

"You doubtless have a very quiet life here?" was the commonplace observation which escaped my lips, while my thoughts were busy with the human problem before me.

"So quiet," was the reply, "that, except in the depth of winter, when the peasants from the neighbouring village, who bring provisions for the monastery, are detained here by stress of weather for a day, or even two, we see no one from without for many months. Few strangers hear of the existence of such a place as the monastery of Schreckenfels, better known, however, by the peasantry of the surrounding country as the Monastery of the Silver Arrow."

Struck by the latter name, I suddenly remembered the strange terror of my guide, and his allusion to some ghostly visitant of the lonely forest, whom he spoke of as the "Lady of the Silver Arrow." Wishing to hear more of this mysterious personage, if she had any existence in times past or present, I asked the monk for an explanation of this strange name given to his abode.

"Come with me," he said, "and I will show you over the building, and then take you to the chapel, where lies buried the noble founder of our house, the Knight von Schreckenfels; and if you list to hear a sad history, which happened in an age long past, I will relate it to you."

Saying this, he took up a small lamp, and led the way through dark stone passages to the library, a good-sized room, but scantily furnished with old, dusty-looking volumes; thence to the dormitories—

cold, bare, uncomfortable cells; and down some steps into a small chapel.

By the dim light of the small lamp I could vaguely discern an altar, with the usual Popish adornments. In front of the altar stood a tomb, on which rested the recumbent figure of a knight in full armour; beneath it could be traced the inscription, in Latin, "Pray for the soul of Sigismund von Schreckenfels, a grievous sinner."

There was something so mournful and so strange in the aspect of the place, that I shuddered involuntarily. "This air oppresses me," I exclaimed; "shall we go forth and see whether the storm has spent its violence?"

The monk assented silently, by leading me out of the chapel by a side door, by which we gained the foot of a winding staircase, evidently made in the thickness of the wall. After mounting many steps, we emerged on a small platform, forming the summit of a kind of tower attached to the main building.

From this elevated position the view by daylight must have been extensive; as it was, the eye ranged over a wide expanse of forest scenery, broken and irregular in the fitful glimpses of the moon's radiance. The storm had quite ceased, but the clouds, rent into a hundred fantastic shapes, sailed rapidly over the moon's disc. Now a flood of light would fall upon the distant towers of the ruined castle of Schreckenfels, and again heavy shadows rested on the surrounding woods. The air seemed delightfully fresh and balmy after the close, unearthly atmosphere of the chapel we had quitted. The pleasant fragrance of the earth, refreshed with rain after a drought, mingling with the odour of the pine-trees growing on the mountain-side, rose to meet us in the breeze.

Inviting me to seat myself beside him on the battlemented wall of the tower, at a spot which commanded a view of the whole surrounding neighbourhood, the monk thus began the story of "the Silver Arrow:"—

Several hundred years ago there lived in yonder ruined castle a noble knight, Sigismund von Schreckenfels. Those towers, now broken and defaced, frowned in lordly majesty over the surrounding district. From yonder windows, where the ivy whispers sadly in the night wind, graceful dames and gallant youths looked down upon the jousts and tournaments in the courtyard beneath, where knights tilted in the proud revelry of mimic war.

The Lord of Schreckenfels had wooed and won a lady as good and true of heart as she was lovely to look upon; and a beautiful little daughter gladdened their home with her endearing presence.

The Lady von Schreckenfels devoted much of her time to the education and training of her little daughter, amply repaid for this labour of love by

the gradual development of a nature singularly gifted, intellectually and morally.

Among the guests who most frequently sought the willing hospitality of the Castle of Schreckenfels was the Baron von Heimfeld, the brother in arms and bosom friend of the noble owner. Left a widower after one year of happy married life, the baron had not taken to himself another wife, or given a mother to his son, the little Conrad, who became the constant playfellow of Bertha. Touched with pity for the lonely position of the poor, motherless boy, the Lady of Schreckenfels would often have him to stay at the castle for weeks, while his father and her husband were absent in the wars of the period, or on some hunting expedition, or, perchance, engaged in trying to drive out of the country some one of the many hordes of robbers which at that time infested it.

Conrad shared with Bertha in the lessons and useful instructions of the Lady von Schreckenfels, whom he soon came to love with all the fervour of his loving nature. Smoothly and swiftly the years went by, in happy unconsciousness of the lapse of time to the members of the little community, when one day a cloud arose to eclipse the brightness of their heaven.

Some petty cause of dispute—the right of chase over certain lands—the right adjustment of a claim long dormant, first produced a slight estrangement between the Baron von Heimfeld and the Knight von Schreckenfels; officious friends intermeddled and made the breach irreparable. Those who had once fought side by side, who would have died for each other, now came to hate each other with a feud all the more mortal that each felt himself, in some measure, to blame in the quarrel.

The effect was most grievous for the innocent wife and the two poor children. The knight became morose and gloomy; his absences from home more long and frequent; while the sprightly, high-spirited Conrad exchanged the cherished companionship of the ladies of Schreckenfels for that of men-at-arms and rude horse-boys. Happily, the lessons he had learnt from his benefactress were too deeply impressed upon his memory to be easily effaced.

The Lady of Schreckenfels had never possessed robust health, and gradually it began to fail after the blight which came to scar the happiness of her life. At first, absorbed in the gloom of his angry controversy, the knight failed to observe his wife's increasing illness. When his attention was at length arrested by it, his grief and consternation were excessive. All that fondest affection could devise was resorted to, in the vain hope of saving the loved one's life. Gently and piously, as she had lived, she sank to rest. On her dying couch she would have led her husband to thoughts of

charity and peace towards his former friend, but that he sternly refused, bidding her ask aught else but that.

She died, and he mourned for her long and truly; but his nature grew yet harsher and more morose to all save his only child, the young and beautiful Bertha. For her his frown would relax, his tones grow tender.

Bertha rarely strayed beyond the precincts of the castle walls, except to accompany her father on a hawking expedition; but one day, tempted by the extreme beauty of the early summer day, she ventured forth, alone too, contrary to her wont. Led on insensibly, farther and farther from home, along the downward path leading to the river-bank, she found herself at last gazing into the clear waters of the Rhine. Bending over the stream, she caught sight of a vision which kept her motionless to gaze upon it. A lovely graceful form was mirrored in the river at her feet. At the first glance she scarcely recognised herself, for then mirrors were almost unknown, and that which she possessed—a gift from her father, on his return from his travels to Venice—was small and dim.

Pleased as a child with a new toy, the young girl bent from side to side. As she moved, the reflection moved too. Drawing a silver arrow from her hair, it fell in masses on her shoulders, its golden glory shining like an aureole around her exquisite head. She laughed, and clapped her hands in childish glee, to see her mimic self in the shining river. As she stood gazing, another reflection mingled with her own. Looking up suddenly, she beheld a handsome youth standing beside her. Too startled to utter a word, she fixed her soft blue eyes upon him. More confused than the maiden herself, the youth would have retired, but paused to raise the silver arrow she had dropped upon the greensward at her feet.

"Pardon me, fair lady," he exclaimed, "for startling you by my coming. In truth, I erred unwittingly, not knowing that my straying footsteps would have led me to your presence."

"Conrad!" exclaimed the maiden, more quick than he in her intuitive perception of the truth; "my childhood's dear companion!" Her two hands were extended towards and grasped by him in mutual recognition. Words of kindness followed, as the youthful pair inquired of each other's welfare, and of the events of the last few sad years since they had been parted, by the bitter enmity existing between their two houses.

Much that was painful, much that was deeply interesting to both, formed the subject of their talk, as, seated side by side on a green bank, overshadowed by the spreading branches of a neighbouring tree, they discoursed of the past and deplored the fatal pride and anger which caused divisions between those who should be friends.

Looking down upon the silver arrow which Bertha still held, "Ah!" exclaimed Conrad, "how much I owe to this small ornament for giving me the opportunity of addressing you! My doing so has led to our recognition of each other. Without the excuse it gave me for lingering a moment near you, I had not dared to stay."

A joyous smile lighted up the young girl's sunny face as she replied, "I shall prize it now with added force, since it has been the means of renewing our old friendship. It was my dear mother's gift, and, as such, already dear to me," she added, pensively.

That name led them on to speak of her whom both had loved—whom both could mourn for equally. Engrossed by a topic of such absorbing interest, neither noted the too quick flight of time. The shadows were lengthening on the greensward, yet neither perceived their motion, nor heard the firm, rapid step of some one approaching from the direction of the castle.

Bertha had been missed and sought for anxiously, by none so eagerly as by the knight himself. A thousand vague but gloomy fears filled his heart on her account. The gleam of her white dress led him to the spot where she sat with Conrad, by the river's brink.

The knight stood as if rooted to the spot, gazing with an amazement too great for utterance at the unconscious pair; then, with hurried strides, he neared them. Hearing his approach, they started to their feet, and turning to him with looks of confidence and affection, would have told him of their meeting; they would have bid him rejoice with them, but, looking in his face, the words died upon their lips.

White with concentrated fury, the knight looked like one possessed with a demon—the demon of hatred and malignity. Fear, too, and anguish seized upon his soul; for he had recognised in Conrad the son of him whom he abhorred, and fancied he beheld in him the lover of his daughter.

A stream of passionate words at length burst from him, as he rudely seized the poor girl's wrist, and dragged her away. The enraged father grew almost incoherent in his wrath, accusing his poor innocent child of base deceit and treachery, and threatening Conrad with dire vengeance. The young man proudly raised his head, his honest eyes looking fearlessly in his accuser's face, and would have answered him in terms as scornful as his own, but looking at poor Bertha weeping at her father's feet, his sternness turned to deepest pity and regret. For her dear sake, and lest what he might say should in any way be visited on her, he forbore reply; only the hot blood mantling in his cheek, the subdued fire of those kindling eyes, gave proof of the chafed spirit within.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SIMEON, THE TYPE OF ZEAL.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A.

SIMEON, or Simon the Zealous, was called "Simon the Canaanite" by St. Matthew and St. Mark; and by St. Luke, both in his Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles, Simon Zelotes. The word "Canaanite" does not signify any particular people, as it is often used in Scripture, but it is formed from the Hebrew *kana*, which signifies the same as *ζηλωτης*, or the zealot, of St. Luke, doubtless from Simon's zeal in serving the cause of his Divine Master. "Simon the Zealous" like all the other names applied to the apostles and others in Scripture, is a name indicative of some particular quality suggested by the epithet. Names in those primitive times were not chosen hap-hazard, or from idle caprice, or fancy, or interested motives, but as a means of identifying the individual, or perpetuating the memory of some circumstance or quality with which he was associated.

Josephus states some Jews called themselves zealots, "because they pretended to be more than ordinarily zealous for religion, and yet practised the worst actions." But this was said of the political zealots, at the time of Vespasian's siege of Jerusalem. Political religionism has seldom much depth of conviction, or breadth of spirituality. They were probably men of a different character forty years before, which was the period when the Lord Jesus chose his apostles, one of whom bore this designation. The original zealots, as a sect, were probably more zealous than others for the cause of religious truth and purity of life; but, like many other sects, and individuals too, who have begun well, they transferred their zeal for the essentials of religion to its external adjuncts and observances, like the Pharisees; and from these things to inquisitorial cruelty and slaughter, like the Romanists.

St. Paul's rule is, "It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing." On the occasion of their proposing to burn the Samaritan village, the sons of Zebedee were zealously affected in a bad thing. The quality of our religion will usually determine the character of our zeal. Zeal in a bad cause, like that of our popish Queen Mary, is only a greater incentive to mischief. Zeal in a good cause, like that of Edward VI., promotes more effectively the instruments of blessedness. Simon the apostolic zealot may suggest a line of reflection on Christian zeal in general, if only by the silent, unobtrusive position which he occupies in the records of the Evangelists. His was a zeal which rather burned than blazed. This is the comely and engaging characteristic of many a sincere, laborious worker in the Lord's vineyard.

They do not patrol the streets in an eccentric, pretentious garb, "making a show of humility," like the Sisters of Mercy, or saying, like Jehu, "Come, see my zeal for the Lord of hosts;" but they are not wanting in the lowly tenements of the back streets, where no eye sees them except their poor clients, and His, whose condescending love appropriates to Himself the philanthropic service: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of one of these little ones who believe in me, ye did it unto me."

Simon the Zealous was a title fairly won by His grace under whose inspiration the name was conferred and perpetuated in the sacred canon. There are no misnomers in the Book of Truth. The name Simon, otherwise spelt Simeon, and derived from the tribe of Simeon, was held by many individuals in the Gospel history. There was Simeon who blessed the infant Saviour, Simeon the father of Matthew, Simon Peter, Simon the leper, Simon the tanner, Simon Magus, Simon the father of Judas, Simon of Cyrene—also referred to (in Acts xiii. 1) as "Simeon called Niger," or the black, who was probably of African blood; thus connecting the poor negro race with the first taking up of His cross, in whose catholic and impartial mercies "there is neither Jew nor Greek, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free."

We learn from Matt. xiii. 55—where the Nazarenes asked, "Is not this the carpenter's son? is not his mother called Mary, and his brethren, James and Joses, and Simon, and Judas?"—that Simon the Canaanite was one of the three brothers of our Lord, who were also his apostles. There is a prejudice—for it is nothing more, having no Scripture warranty—in favour of the blessed Virgin having had no other child, except the Saviour. Both Papists and some Protestants have held this opinion; but it seems an inference of common sense that when the Nazarenes—who, as their old neighbours, would be familiar with the family—reproached our Lord for the meanness of his origin, that they would not include another family. In the passage just quoted, they were speaking of the father, the mother, the brothers and sisters of our Lord, and would not be likely, without some explanation, to involve the children of another household in the denunciations of their scorn. It is not usual to compromise a man on the score of any beyond his immediate relations.

Whether Simon the Zealous were brother or cousin of our Lord, he never on any occasion presumed on his relationship, except in that instance in John vii. 4, in which his zeal prompted him to utter, or else to join his brothers in uttering, the entreaty to our Lord to leave the comparative

obscurity of the villages of Galilee, and repair to the great assembly in Jerusalem, at the Passover then approaching. "His brethren therefore said unto him, Depart hence, and go into Judea, that thy disciples also" (those whom he had gathered two years and a half before) "may see the works thou doest." For there is no man that doeth anything in secret, and he himself seeketh to be known openly. If thou do these things, show thyself openly to the world. For neither did his brethren believe in him;—i.e., they had received him as a prophet and teacher, and had so far joined themselves to him, but as yet were not persuaded of his Messiahship. They, perhaps, wished to see his pretensions brought to the test of the metropolitan seats of learning, religion, and authority, and his person at once accepted and honoured as the Messiah who was to come. There may have been some view to their own identification with him, as his near kinsmen, in his Messianic glory, but it is clear, whatever they looked for, it was to be theirs only because it was his, and to come to them through him. All the hopes which any believer forms are based upon the same foundation, Jesus Christ. To be one with him, united by a living faith, is the culmination of the Christian life. To recognise all the promises of God as yea and amen in Christ Jesus, and to long and pray for his glorious epiphany in the second advent, is the joy and consolation of a believer's soul. "To be looking for, and hasting unto the coming of that day of God," is the proper province of Christian zeal; and the sentiment of Simon the Zealous and of his brothers was in perfect harmony with the hope of Christ's appearing, whether in his first or second coming. It is probable, from the more than ordinary zeal indicated by his name of Canaanite or Zelotes, that Simon was the spokesman of his brothers on this occasion; but whether he uttered the petition, or only concurred with it, his name is not specified. His zeal was for the truth, and not for himself as one of its teachers. His was obvious anxiety that Jesus, and not Simon might be magnified by the manifestation of himself to the world. No Christians who ever lived have bequeathed to us such admirable examples as our Lord's brothers present of dignity of position combined with personal meekness—of zeal for their Saviour's cause, unalloyed by a jot of selfish regard to their own interests—of Christians content to be nothing, that Christ may be all in all.

Yet "if any men had whereof to glory, they had more." Though the nearest kinsmen "concerning the flesh" our Lord had on earth, they seem to have been chosen apostles to serve as the shade in the bright picturing of the truth that "there is no respect of persons with God." Apostles and brothers of Jesus as they were, neither their rank in the Church, nor their relationship to Jesus, as Head of the Church, rendered them nearer or dearer to him

than the least in the kingdom of heaven. The crowd may tell him, "Thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with thee;" but his reply, without ignoring them, includes all who love and serve him in the same category of endearing affiance: "Who is my mother? and who are my brethren? Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." Had Simon followed Jesus, simply from the motive of acquiring the distinction which might accrue to himself, the carnality of mind involved in such a discipleship met with sufficient grounds of disappointment, if not of mortification; for in the more intimate and mysterious instances of communion with Jesus—at the raising of the daughter of Jairus, at the glory of his transfiguration, and in the peculiar agonies of Gethsemane, our Lord's own brothers, James, Simon, and Jude, were postponed to Peter, James, and John. Their natural claims as her sons, or at least her nephews, to be the guardians of the blessed Mary, were set aside in favour of John. They took no prominent part at the election of an apostle in the place of Judas, nor in the first general council of the Church, presided over by James the Elder. Nevertheless, nothing ever damped the ardour of their affection and fidelity to their Lord. The kinsman was lost sight of in the Saviour. Simon could say with Paul, "Though I have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know I him no more;" i.e., no more after the flesh, but after the spirit; for "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of Christ Jesus my Lord, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."

Thus the review of such inductions as may be fairly drawn from the casual allusions to Simon, who was never even called, as James was, "the Lord's brother," suggests to us a zeal for Jesus, sanctified by the spirit of holiness, and exhibited in self-denial. The patient obscurity in which some meek and loving souls are content to live and labour in their Christian calling, affords an edifying illustration of "the light that shineth in darkness, and of the darkness that comprehendeth it not." The world seldom, if ever, appreciates the moral glory of a life which is not patent, public, and notorious. It has no sympathy with the quiet, earnest loyalty to religious convictions, which toils on in the rear of notice or acknowledgment, as "seeing Him who is invisible," seeking no other reward than the answer of a good conscience, and the prospect of their Lord and Master's recognition at last, when he shall welcome them into his presence with the benediction, "Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Happy the believer whose zeal for Christ, like Simeon's, is better known in heaven than on earth,—who prefers being written in the book of life, to being "blazoned to ears of flesh and blood." The

true chivalry of religious zeal neither parades itself on all occasions, nor suppresses its gallant avowal on proper occasions. It is never proud of its position in the Church, nor yet ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: is equal to great efforts or personal sacrifices on great emergencies, nor counts the day of small things beneath its respect: tithes its mint, anise, and cummin, without neglecting the weightier things of the law: is rather earnest than aggressive; decided without bigotry; evangelistic apart from intolerance; faithful in rebuke without censorious reproach; more anxious to heal divisions than create them, and to bind up broken hearts than to wound them. This was the style of ardour in the faith of Jesus which distinguished Simon the Canaanite, when the heart of the Jewish zealot became filled with a zeal for God according to knowledge, tempered with the meekness and gentleness of Christ. With David he might have affirmed, what was affirmed of his Divine Master, "The zeal of thine house hath even consumed me," swallowed me up. The personal consecration of the believer is a whole burnt offering, sanctified wholly, body, soul, and spirit, on the altar of his faith, so that self in all its deceptive modifications and reserves is denied, mortified, sacrificed, nay, St. Paul says, "crucified with Christ," taking up our cross for him, as he bore the cross for us. This is a high standard, but it is not higher than "the measure of the stature," which the Scriptures insist on. It is the point to be aimed at, with constant mournings and admissions of how far we come short of it. "Not as though I had already attained, neither were already perfect" is the Christian's echo of the ingenuous humiliation of St. Paul, "but this one thing he does, he presses forward." Perfection in progress is perfection as far as it goes. Like the morning light whose faintest streaks are infant rays from heaven, perfect in the

dawn, lighter in the sunrise, growing brighter with the morning, and shining more and more unto the perfect day, so the Christian life from first to last is from God, partaking at every stage, of the perfection of its Divine original. If my zeal, like Simon's, be *from* God, it will be throughout its course zeal for God. Man may take no note of it; and none the worse for me that I so escape the temptation to vain-glory, or, it may be, the exposure to ridicule or persecution. Man may never know what I may be helped and allowed to do for God and for my fellow-men, but Jesus told the Asiatic Church, "*I know thy works.*" Man has a short memory for favours done him, whether by God or his brother, "but God is not unrighteous to forget your works of faith and labours of love," whether they shone, like his own sunshine, "on the good, or on the unthankful."

St. Paul testified of the Corinthian converts, that "they were zealous of spiritual gifts," but admonished them of the danger of their gifts being abused to self-display, and not "to the edifying of the Church." He laid the foundation of their genuine zeal in repentance, their sorrow after a godly sort having wrought it; and the zeal which springs from a penitent spirit will always wear a penitential rather than complacent aspect, following the believer throughout all the phases of his pilgrimage, like the smitten streams of Horeb, which were the same water and the same Divine supply from the beginning to the end of Israel's wanderings. The heart of Simeon, as a Jewish zealot, was like one of the vessels at the marriage in Cana, filled with water, "*after the manner of the purifying of the Jews,*" but believing in Jesus, it was filled with the Holy Ghost, and being changed from carnal to spiritual affections, the Canaanite of Christ overflowed with "the wine that cheereth God and man."

TO THE DEATH.



HE voice of Love was in his ear,
Her breath was hot upon his cheek:
What other can we heed or hear,
When those dear accents speak?

Yet louder still, and louder comes
A summons from the battled plain;
The fitful fever of the drums
Throbs in each swollen vein.

Like startled steeds, he snuffs the air—
Dim vapours from the distant wold;
Yet fingers still that golden hair,
Dearer than miser's gold.

Now bids adieu, now takes again
Her ever more entrancing form.

What boots that shock of maddened men—
That human sea in storm?

Lo, in the gathered clouds he sees
The monarch of his land and heart,
Like some long-smitten king of trees,
Bow ere the fibres part.

Enough! She woos his lips in vain;
In vain she tells her dread in tears;
Sooner would iron melt in rain,
Than his great wrath in fears.

He bends his spear, he spurs his steed,
Down to the fallen king he flies;
Gives many death ere yet he bleed—
Wins back the day, and—dies.

W.

A RUN-AND-READ RAMBLE TO ROME.

BY OUR OWN CONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENT.

CHAPTER XIX.

GOOD FRIDAY IN ROME.



IN the morning of Good Friday, everything was again astir early. It was, nevertheless, a quiet day; too sad and sorrowful a commemoration for very much ceremony. The great tryst was to the Sistine Chapel, where the "Mass of the Pre-sanctified" was performed by the Pope in person after this fashion:—

The gorgeous procession set forth from the altar of the Sistine, to search for the buried Saviour in the Pauline Sepulchre! The key was again turned in the lock, and in the sepulchral urn was found the "buried Christ!" Oh, that some voice had whispered in their ears that day, as the angels to the holy women at the sepulchre, "*He is not here; he is risen!*" But here the buried one had safely reposed all night; no resurrection power had broken the bars of that door, and released the body of the Lord. Man had conveyed it thither as a lifeless thing, and man must now restore it, still without a particle of life, an un-resurrected thing. Surely, if ever the original and the imitation parted early, it is here, where at every step is a gap created by some broken link, some missing parallel, some lost analogy. Like those prostrate columns of the Forum, out of which it would be impossible to construct the actual glories of the days of old, some of the literal fragments still remain; but the living spirit of the past is there no more.

The "Pre-sanctified," delivered from the sepulchral urn, is carried by the Pope, in solemn pomp, back to the Sistine altar; and there the Mass of Good Friday is consummated. The Good Friday Mass is the same in substance all the world over. It incorporates into itself the great idolatrous act of the Church of Rome—the actual worship of the cross. This is done in every temple and at every altar of the Latin Church throughout the world, only with greater and grander accompaniment in Rome.

Not feeling disposed to expend my remaining strength by devoting myself to the doings of the Sistine Chapel, I sought for some more congenial mode of spending the day, and found much rest and quiet, and even refreshment of spirit, in a visit to the Protestant Cemetery, where so many of our countrymen and co-religionists sleep on and take their rest in that strange and foreign city. I also visited a section of the Catacombs, and thus placed myself in communion with the early Christians and the pure old faith, which they so faithfully held and for which they so bravely suffered. I still

farther pursued my researches along the Appian Way—that "Queen of Roads," extending from the far-distant south—from the vicinity of Naples, to this old metropolis of the world.

Starting from our palazzo, we traversed the valley that lies between the foot of the Janiculan range and the Tiber, and skirted for a long way the course of the old yellow river and its sluggish waters. This brought us to the island of the Tiber, the Isola di S. Bartolomeo, on which once stood the ancient Temple of Æsculapius. Crossing the second bridge from the island to the city at the other side of the river, we came to the Jews' quarter, called "The Ghetto." This locality has a strong family resemblance to Houndsditch and Aldgate, being a repository for old clothes and other second-hand articles in which the Jews seem to deal all through the world. We then pass through the site of the ancient Circus Maximus, on the level between the Palatine Hill and the Aventine. Thence we turn westward to the Porta San Paolo, beside which is the Protestant Cemetery.

This sleeping-place of the dead occupies one of the inner slopes of the great Aurelian Wall. Protestants are obliged to worship outside the walls, but they are allowed to be buried within the precincts. The Protestant church, however, and the Protestant burying-ground are a long way the one from the other. The church is in the due north, just outside the Porta del Popolo; the cemetery is due south, just inside the Porta San Paolo—with all Rome between. The cemetery is well kept, is rather crowded with grave-stones. Here we were brought face to face with our own loved English tongue, in words inscribed upon the tombs. We miss the oft-quoted text of Scripture, the pious hope, the expression of believing faith, in these epitaphs; for a severe and rigid scrutiny is maintained prohibiting these, lest thereby Rome should forfeit her character for consistency by sanctioning good hopes and fervent thanksgiving for the complete salvation of Protestants, whom as a class she denounces as heretics. I observed two texts of Scripture, and I think only two, throughout the whole cemetery. One other epitaph, breathing a large measure of hope, had passed the scrutiny, "*Requiescit in pace; expectans adventum Domini.*"* Here are the graves of two of our poets, Shelley and Keats; of Wyatt and Gibson, the sculptors; of Bell, the eminent surgeon; and of many high-born Englishmen, whose names and families and associations brought old England very near to us while we tarried among our sleeping dead.

* "He rests" (not *may he rest*) "In peace; expecting the coming of the Lord."



(Drawn by A. B. HOUGHTON.)

"Wins back the day, and—dies."—p. 807.

From the Porta San Paolo and the English cemetery, we proceeded to the magnificent church of St. Paul, on the Ostian Way. If St. Peter's is grand, St. Paul's is not less grand; only each has its own special features, which render both the one and the other the grandest temples of the Roman Catholic world. St. Paul's is a re-built church. It was one of the oldest of the Roman basilicæ; but it was for the most part destroyed by fire in the year 1823. The present erection must have been regardless of cost or expense. Its vast length, its eighty massive pillars, its high altar and canopy, supported by massive columns of malachite and oriental alabaster; its ancient mosaics (the only remnant of its past), and, though last not least, its modern mosaics, the life-size medallion portraits of the whole series of Popes, ranged all along the massive walls—all these, and many other features besides, make up one of the most magnificent churches I have ever beheld.

The next stage of our day's work brought us to the Catacombs of Callixtus, near the Via San Sebastiano. It was with no small interest that I found myself descending the steps conducting to these ancient resting-places of the early Christians. The Catacombs have ever been associated in my mind with the pure faith, the bold spirit, and the wholesome discipline of the infant church of Christ, "enduring hardness, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ." This section of the Catacombs is one of the most recently discovered; but it presents the same despoiled aspect as the other series which are found burrowed all under outer Rome. The graves are now all untenanted, the inscriptions removed, and all the local marks and associations taken away. Only one perfect inscription did I observe, engraven on an undisturbed stone embedded in the tufa wall, and that inscription may be regarded as a beautiful and eloquent type of all that were ever there. This simple Christian record of the dead was contained in one word—"Felicissima." Here is a voice from the ancient dead; a thought still living in that long-closed tomb; an embedded doctrine of the past which "still speaketh." No pains of purgatory to be endured; no long uncertainty while untold masses are being said; no need of prayers or after-death atonements—the state of that dead sister in the Lord is described as a state of bliss; a present, actual rest—"Most happy."

Our party descended these subterranean avenues, each holding a lighted torch. The procession passing on in single file through the narrow streets of this cold, dark, silent city of the dead, was interesting enough. We held well together, with many a call to those before and behind; for these avenues were so winding and circuitous as to be a perfect labyrinth, and I can well understand the preliminary admonition of the guide when he warned

us, that once lost there you are hopelessly lost. The graves, or *cubacula* (i.e., *bed-chambers*—a beautiful word for the place where the Christian dead are laid), are in the walls. Some of these are very small, others are large, and some few expand into the dimensions of chapels or oratories. All are empty now. The bones and skeletons have been carried away and carted off in tons weight to all lands, as relics of the past. Many of these do duty for skulls, and arms, and legs, and fingers of the apostles and other people to whom they never belonged, and thus lose their own real character. They also are venerated by the superstitious, and thus become the objects of an idolatrous worship to many. It were better they had been left, as most of the inscriptions say—"to rest in peace."

Returning to the light of day from those dark vaults, we again mounted our carriages, and proceeded about two or three miles on the Via Appia. Along this magnificent road St. Paul travelled toward Rome. It is on this road that the Appii Forum and the Three Taverns were located, as stages and stopping-places. This was the great southern thoroughfare of the Roman armies when marching forth to the southern sea-ports to embark for their distant conquests. I know of no highway that, by reason of its temples, and tombs, and palaces, and villas, and memorials of great men, would be more calculated to inspire an army with a spirit of laudable ambition, and a desire for lawful glory and distinction than this royal road of ancient Rome. Though it is now a grass-grown path, unfrequented and untravelled, with its fringes of ruinous desolation bordering it as far as a day's walk would bear you, still it is magnificently grand, even in its ruin. The remains of the ancient silex pavement appear at intervals all along the whole extent. Massive ruins, prostrate palaces, buried villas, broken columns, fragments of bas-reliefs, shattered statues are strewn along the way in prodigal profusion—like the dismembered skeletons of the dead slain in battle-flight, and discovered after 2,000 years had passed away. Here, also, are interspersed local and historical associations of Horace, and Virgil, and Cicero, and Seneca, and the Cæsars—all classic ground; and rendered sacred, too, by the onward march of Paul, when, having appealed unto Cæsar, unto Cæsar he did go.

But, enough. Crossing over the grassy plain, we reach the Via Latina, and thus return to Rome. Far away on this road we see the noble dome of St. Peter's towering above the city. There, on the road, or in the field that skirts the road, is a shepherd leading his flock, and carrying a tender lamb "in his arms." Is not this Heaven's own illustration of "the Good Shepherd?" It falls in my way very appropriately just now; for this is the day on which the Good Shepherd, in his love and mercy, "laid down his life for the sheep."

CHAPTER XX.

EASTER EVE.

A MORNING spent in visiting picture galleries, palaces, churches, fountains, ancient ruins, and modern studios, involves seeing more than can well be told. I have in this way been spending the early morning and forenoon of to-day: in the *pinacotheca* and corridors of the Vatican; in the halls and chambers of the Pope's summer-palace on the Quirinal; in the Santa Scala, or "Holy Stairs," at the Lateran; in the Golden House of Nero; in the Baths of Diocletian, and of Caracalla, and in many other places of equal interest. To write my experiences of these would be merely to translate "Murray" into my own form of speech, which I have not the least inclination to do.

At about four o'clock I walked forth from our palazzo, and sauntered leisurely along the now familiar Piazza of St. Peter's, and through the colonnade, which screened me from the heat of a burning Italian sun. The Borgo has for the last hour or two been lined with carriages, containing those that are to be presented. It is just the same sort of cavalcade as has been passing and re-passing here during the last three days: princes in their royal carriages, cardinals in their lumbering yellow coaches, the diplomatic corps in carriages of ambassadors, and the promiscuous crowd who have obtained the privilege of presentation; all these are mingled in one heterogeneous mass. Dragoon soldiers are mounted in all the leading streets, and especially in the main thoroughfare, this street of ours, from the bridge of St. Angelo to the Vatican.

Once at the foot of the Scala Regia, or Royal Staircase, there is no difficulty in finding my way. I simply commit myself to the crowd of "personages" who are moving on in the direction of the audience-chamber. The ladies are still dressed in the sable costume of this uniform week. The scene, therefore, is in no respect like that of a court reception at St. James's Palace. To me the affair seemed rather un-courtlly than otherwise. The stream of visitors passed through magnificent chambers and galleries and corridors, covered (ceiling and walls) with frescoes, paintings, and tapestries. The pontifical throne stood beside the left-hand wall, about the mid-length of the gallery. When I entered, I found that hundreds had already arrived; and the new-comers were taking their places along both sides, as though they expected to be introduced in succession, and individually, to the Pope. I occupied the first vacant place I could see, and some scores of persons sat down after me, in still lower places. I did not long remain in my place, and proceeded to walk the whole length of the *sala*. Ere long we formed

ourselves into standing groups, gathering near to the throne. For about half an hour I had nothing to do but to recognise some passing friend, and generally to observe the scene.

Almost every visitor (especially among the ladies) had brought a cross, crucifix, rosary, or other trinket for the Pope to bless, and so make them happy! One lady (an Englishwoman) had a large basket full of these trinkets; a priest had his two hands full of crucifixes. Some rather wholesale cargoes of this kind had been conveyed into the Vatican that afternoon. Several English ladies (Protestants) had so far conformed to the doings of Rome as to have brought such little mementoes of the visit to receive the Pope's benediction. I have seldom seen a number of ladies so intensely excited as those who attended the presentation that day.

At length it was whispered about that the Pope had entered the long corridor at the farther end. He was soon visible, and gradually worked his way upwards to our end of the gallery.

Pius IX. is about seventy-five years of age, erect and portly in his bearing, genial and benignant in his aspect, with an evident spark of good-nature and kindness beaming in his eye. The old man is well liked in Rome; and is, I do believe, by his personal character and bearing, the chief stay of the Papal government in these troublous times. He moved onwards through the crowd of visitors, having a kindly word or look of recognition for those he was more intimately acquainted with.

There was no actual presentation, no individual introduction. It was the Pope that presented himself to us, and not we that were presented to the Pope. The people inclined the knee or prostrated themselves before him as he passed on; and whenever he detected any desire for a blessing, on either trinkets or person, he conferred the benediction. Monsignore Talbot preceded the Pope by a few steps. I asked the Monsignore what obeisance was required to be shown to the Pontiff; and he very kindly relieved me by saying, "Just such as you would render to any sovereign." So, when the Pope approached to the group where I was standing, I bowed the knee, as I would do in the court of Queen Victoria.

After the "presentation," the Pope ascended the throne, and delivered an address, choosing the French language as being the most generally understood by those assembled. The people then knelt for his benediction; after which, a hearty cheer was given, and many a *viva* greeted the Pontiff's ears. One gentleman near me cried out yet more than that—*Roi Pape* was the sentiment he proposed, and it was heartily responded to.

(To be concluded in our next.)

DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

CHARLIE'S FRIGHT.

GOOD night, children;" and away went Charles and Harry up the stairs into their own little chamber. It was so very moon-light that there was no necessity to have a candle; so, after each had said his own little prayer, they were quickly undressed and in bed. They occupied separate cribs, one at each side of the window, through which the moon shone with a bright light. Charles, the elder of the two, was wrapt up as round as a ball with his head under the counterpane; but Henry had his head high up on the pillow, and was watching the rays of the moon as they streamed in through the window.

Now, neither of the brothers had observed that as they came up the stairs Tabby, the cat, was following them softly, and had entered the room when they did.

For some time Tabby was content to lie still in a corner of the room; but at length, wishing for a comfortable cushion, she approached Charlie's bed, and leaping upon it at a bound, made herself a cosy seat.

Now, though Charles was a boy of ten years old he was very cowardly. If he had not been so he would have got up and seen what the weight on the bed was. Such was his fright, indeed, that he covered himself up all the more in the bed-clothes, without making the least attempt to find out what was the matter. He kicked about so much in his foolish fear that Tabby found her seat anything but an easy one; so, leaping to the floor, and walking across to the other crib, she prepared to make herself a more comfortable bed near Henry.

Henry was asleep, but pussy's movements soon awoke him, and stretching out his hand to feel what this strange weight on his bed could be, he

caught hold of Tabby, who began to "purr" gently. Henry was not in the least afraid as his brother Charles had been; and directly he saw that it was the cat, he got up, and taking pussy in his arms, stroked it, and said, "Poor Tab! Tab!"

Henry liked to stroke Tabby's warm fur, and to hear it purring with pleasure; but he knew that it was not right for the cat to be left in the room all night; so he opened the window, and put it upon the roof of an outhouse just below.

Now Charles had been lying huddled up in bed, covered with the clothes, frightened to look out. At last, after taking many cautious peeps, he put his head up, and seeing Henry at the window, he asked, "What is the matter, Harry?"

"Oh, it was only Tabby," answered his brother; "she came to sleep on my bed, and I have been putting her out."

"Then," thought Charlie to himself, "it was only the cat that was upon my bed, which so frightened me that I durst not look out!"

So Charles wished that he had been as courageous as his little brother, who was not afraid of "poor pussy," though it was night, and he could not see her.

They only are truly brave who trust in God's presence to protect them from all danger.

ROSEBERRY TOPPIN.

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

A SMALL BROOK NEAR WHICH A PROPHET WAS CONCEALED.

1. A name signifying a stone.
2. One whose ten sons were slain.
3. A well of Isaac.
4. An encampment of the Israelites, where a miracle was performed.
5. One who arrested a prophet and delivered him to Zedekiah.
6. The inventor of brass and iron instruments.
7. A place famous for wine.

KATE ORMOND'S DOWER.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE FAMILY HONOUR," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

JOYFUL ORPHANHOOD.

WHE left Edina feebly wading in the troubled waters of conjecture; healthy sleep could not come to her as she was thus occupied. Once, when nearly overcome by drowsiness, she started wide awake in a fright, for the word "Somerville" seemed whispered in her ear by the voice of her unhappy mother, and the sound recalled a woodland scene in France, and the little green mound of Ballon. Yes, that was

the name by which she had been then accosted. In an instant she was wide awake, and, calling to the nurse, asked for a drink to slake her feverish thirst; and, a little refreshed by some lemonade, she said—

"Did you say you lived in Edinburgh, with a Mrs. Somerville?"

"Ah, dear, shure I did!—that is, I all but died with them Somervilles."

"What were they? Where did they go? Pray tell me all about them."

"It's a mighty little all. Shure, the masther was an iligant singer, and ained no end of praise for his voice,

and money too may be; but he kept that same for his dress and his company, and the mistress, poor darling, up in her sky parlour—the sixth flat—sorrow on it, had little but the air to live upon. Her and her baby was all but gone with the hunger and the heartache. Well, just in the nick of time the master was called to a great singing of concerts in Liverpool, and money galore rolled in, but, bad cess to it, it rolled away as fast as it came, and faster, and never saysoed rolling till 'twas all gone; and black winther came; och! it was too hard entirely for the mistress; she went a bit of a singing tour with Mr. Somerville, and tuck an inflammation, and died all on a sudden, before I could get with the blessed baby to see her. Ah! darling, it's thrue; but she left me word to take the little blossom to London to her own father; and Mr. Somerville, though he was no great shakes in regard to tenderness, barring to himself, sent me off and paid my way to do my duty by the darling—the purty gem! She was you're namesake—Edina."

The sick girl raised herself on her elbow, and fastened her eyes eagerly on the narrator, who added, "I didn't wait to be tould twice to go to London, and get the child away from her father, and safe with her blessed mother's kin—sorrow on 'em."

She uttered the last clause of the sentence so heartily that Edina, almost breathless, exclaimed—"Why?"

"Sure they resaved me not as if I brought them a swate angel in long clothes, but some thaif of the world not fit to live. So I giv them a taste of the rough side of my tongue; lasteways, I delivered my mind to a dried-up old poppy-head of a craythur that kept rattling out one saying—'Miss Cressy's ran away, and her father won't see her nor her child.'"

"Miss Christiana Somerville's gone where the unforgiving 'll never go,' says I; 'and you take this blessed baby, or I go to Bow Street:' for I'd cousins in Drury Lane that knew his worship the magistrate. Ah! I brought the lady too in a jiffy, and she tuck the child; and I went wid her to some place the next day—I don't quite consate I've got the name—sixty miles from London, to a very dacent sowl, wid a mother's heart in her bosom, and there I left the darling."

"Was it Shoreham?"

"Shure, now you spake it, that's like the sound of it."

"Oh! nurse—nurse—you've been telling me about my own infancy; you have, indeed, you have."

"Och, darlint! are ye off your head again?"

"No—no! my name is Edina. I was born in Edinburgh, brought from Liverpool to London to my grandfather's, when I was a baby, and I'm sure Somerville is a name I've something to do with."

She faltered as she spoke the last words, and sank back on her pillow, exhausted with emotion.

The woman bent over her, and bathed her temples with a restorative, uttering all sorts of exclamations, but ending them all on a sudden blankly, with the words, "But how thin, honey, is it? shure, the master here is not your father."

Had Edina been dying, those words would have put new life into her. She rose up, threw her arms round the nurse's neck, and kissed her again and again.

"Oh! then he is not Somerville—not my father?"

"You're sure, you're quite sure, he's not the same man?"

"No more, honey, than I'm the same man."

"Then, I care for nothing else," cried the poor girl, a weight lifted from her heart; and now, admonished by Norah, who was frightened at her vehemence, Edina sank down on her pillow, and slept the deep, sweet sleep of recovered hope and returning health.

She awoke clear in mind, and able to take a careful view of her circumstances. She was in the power of a crafty villain, who evidently knew much of her history and her mother's fate. Of that hapless fate she had no doubt, for it was confirmed by her grandfather's admissions. Neither could she congratulate herself on having had a father whose memory she could respect. On further inquiries it was plain to her that he had deceived Norah M'Mahon with the story of her mother's death, in order to get rid of the encumbrance of a young child; perhaps, had in some way also, for the time being, deceived her mother.

The nurse further told her that she knew Mr. Somerville went to Australia, for her brother, who had seen him in Liverpool, had met him at Ballarat, apparently in the last stage of consumption.

With a sense of freedom that those only can know who have been humiliated by degrading associations, Edina reflected that the word "obedience" in her mother's letter, which had pressed on her conscience so powerfully, could only bear a general application. In the toils into which she had been entrapped, she would do right to use all sagacity and watchfulness to elude the craft of her enemy.

The next three days her kidnapper came in the twilight, just looked in upon her, as she lay on the couch without speaking or opening her eyes, and then retired to a front room on the same floor, which, as far as Norah could get a glimpse of the interior, was furnished only with a writing-table, and contained a great litter of papers.

Not forgetting, in her own plans to escape, how much Kate Ormond was interested in this man being proved an impostor, Edina had an intense longing to get into this room. She communicated her desire to the nurse, who, once convinced that her charge had been deceived to her injury, and was, moreover, the infant she had nurtured, became a most faithful ally.

The only servant in the house was a stolid Dutch-woman, who either did not or would not comprehend one word they uttered; and, of course, the conversation by signs, between Annehen and old Norah, was confusion worse confounded.

Edina and her friendly nurse took care that this woman Annehen's ignorance of English, whether real or pretended, should not betray them into any conversation before her which, if repeated, would arouse suspicion. Annehen seemed to share the conviction of her master—that Edina's recovery was yet very doubtful.

The door of the room in which her kidnapper wrote was fastened not only by the ordinary lock, but he had also put a padlock on it—a precaution that, of course, doubled the difficulty of entering it; added to which was the fact that Annehen slept in a slip of a room thinly partitioned off from that which her master had so secured.

It was the fourth night from the time that Edina had made her welcome discoveries when L'Estrange (as we will still call him) sat writing a much longer time than usual. The clock had struck ten, and all the house was still, when he rose hastily from his desk to leave. As he turned the key of the door lock, something obstructed its moving (Norah had, in fact, ventured to put a button into the lock); he attempted to force the key round, and his wrench broke it in the lock.

With a profane exclamation at the worthlessness of the fastening, he was content to adjust his padlock, a very good one, and leave for the night.

Before he departed, he lingered strangely by a little marble slab in the hall, where Edina's medicines, as the doctor's boy left them, were put, and from whence Norah fetched them up-stairs; though, since the recent discoveries, Edina in some nameless dread had thrown away her physic. A little bottle was now rolled up on this slab, being, as L'Estrange supposed, the usual composing draught for the night. Putting his light aside, so that no eye looking over the banisters should see him, with great quickness he took a bottle of similar size from his pocket, and, undoing the paper, substituted it; then calling to Annchen, she came, let him out, and, fastening the door, prepared to go to bed; but first took possession of the bottle on the slab, thinking it one she had left there only half an hour before, when she came in from some domestic errands, which the prolonged stay of the master in the house had enabled her to execute.

At midnight, when all was still, Norah's hands were on the padlock, which resisted all tampering: not so the staple which held it. To draw the screws that fastened it to the woodwork of the door was not difficult, as she had a screw-driver and knew how to use it. Wrapped up carefully, Edina, with noiseless footsteps, followed her into the room. The first thing they saw on the table was a pair of pistols, which the young girl, shuddering, did not touch; but the nurse saw they were loaded, and very quietly proceeded to draw the charge.

The search for anything that could criminate L'Estrange, was long and fruitless. There was nothing but law papers which she could make nothing of, and letters recently received. One Edina blushed to see from Mr. Graspington was open on the desk, declaring his conviction of the validity of Mr. L'E. Ormond's claim, and calling his attention to a new company which enabled its shareholders to realise at least twenty per cent. Sick with disgust, she was leaving the room with a sigh, when Norah whispered—

"The conscience of the spalpeen! to be pertending to keep a prayer-book on his desk—the Judas thief!"

Edina lifted up what seemed a little leather-covered book, and pressed a knob that held the clasp, when to her surprise she found it was a book-shaped cover, that held a small tortoiseshell case very richly inlaid and mounted with silver. The fastening of this had been recently subjected to violence, and was still unrepaired. With eager fingers and beating heart Edina opened it. It held a wedding-ring and keeper tied together with a black ribbon, and folded beneath it was a paper—the marriage register of "Blanche Everett and

John Ormond, at the parish church of Ballinadrine County Wicklow, Ireland." The names of two witnesses followed. Edina hardly stayed to read the paper; she was for leaving with it instantly, when Norah knowing that Annchen kept the keys of the street door, and that getting away was a difficulty which could not that night be surmounted, suggested that they should fold up a slip of paper exactly in the same form as this important register, and leave the case, for the present, in the place where they had found it. Edina was induced to moderate her ardour and submit, when she was reminded by Norah's signs that the shutters did not reach the upper part of the windows, and that a light in the room however feeble could be certainly seen outside of the house, moreover that Annchen might awake. Alarmed at these intimations, they both hastened from the room, Edina treading as she thought upon some card, which she stooped to pick up. It was a soiled photograph of a church, "All Saints', Sydney." She was trying to replace it carefully upon the place on which she had trod, fearing that she might in her search among the papers have thrown it down, when a handwriting she knew on the back attracted her attention: "The church I was married at. May the future compensate the past.—Christiana." A date not more than ten years previously was appended, and in a moment it flashed upon her mind that her poor friendless mother had married a second time, and, as it must have proved, gone from bad to worse. Edina once again in her room, before she slept took two copies of the marriage certificate, and reading it over to Norah, heard from her that the Protestant church at Ballinadrine had been destroyed by fire some years previously, and the register books with it: a circumstance evidently not unknown to the man, whose one hope to deprive of her rights the child of his brother—that brother whom he had outraged and disgraced—was, if possible, to obtain possession of this certificate. His knowledge of the peculiar construction of the old family depository of papers, the ebony cabinet, and the sudden death of his brother, inspired him with a forlorn hope worth the effort of a desperate man.

The certificate Edina sewed carefully into the lining of her dress, and giving one copy to Norah to secrete, made a little roll of the other, and stitched it under the hem of her gown. These precautions taken, she went to rest.

CHAPTER XL.

CAUGHT IN THE TOILS.

NOTHING is more remarkable in the annals of crime than its inconsistencies: they quite equal its wickedness. However craftily planned and boldly carried out an evil deed may be, some mistake is sure to be made in its details. L'Estrange, when he purloined the marriage register, should have at once destroyed it. A combination of circumstances favouring his design had occurred, which involved also another little hitch. In order to get into Miss Ormond's house surreptitiously, and search for the paper, he had made the great mistake, as he now discovered, of representing himself to Edina as her father, though, unless he had practised on

her mistaken sense of duty, he never could have so far succeeded in his plan. He knew—none better—that his brother's marriage had been hurried and secret; for Blanche Everett's uncle and only relative had planned a different marriage for her. Mr. Ormond had taken his bride abroad, and, with great indecision, allowed her to remain without introduction to his own family—a matter foolishly resented by his only sister, who, instigated by the inuendoes of the younger brother, cast some suspicion or slur on Mrs. Ormond that was as foolishly exaggerated. This rift in the family was quite large enough to admit a whole torrent of anger. The early death of Kate Ormond's mother, and the conduct of the ultimately disowned scapegrace of the family, tended to foster the elder brother's habits of reserve.

Now that this unprincipled kinsman of Kate Ormond had so far managed to substantiate his claim, his great puzzle was, what to do with Edina. Had she been, as he had concluded, foolish enough to be a facile instrument in his hands, or wicked enough to serve him as an ally, equally a thing he had calculated, his course was unimpeded; but she had shown a something he could not understand or cope with—principle. True, the severe ordeal of that awful night-journey had been too much for her physical frame; but, after all her suffering, her conscience, to his surprise, was as sensitive as ever. "Oh, that she had died in the fever!" It is but a small step from evil wishing to evil doing. This girl once safely out of his way, Mr. Graspington need never know either that he had pretended to be her father, or that he was in reality the second husband of his ill-fated daughter. Indeed, as he had really extorted money, under the name of Somerville, from Mr. Graspington, long years after Somerville's death, he must, in resuming the name of the kindred he had disgraced, keep all that past which related to Mr. Graspington's daughter buried in oblivion. Yet here was this impracticable Edina.

On the very day that preceded Edina and her ally getting into his writing-room, he had come to the conclusion to try a deadly scheme: it might fail, but he would try it. He shrank from any actual violence, or immediate personal carrying out of his fatal designs. With the cruelty and cowardice that marks the basest of all murderers, he determined to construct his plans so as to lay the blame on others.

We have seen that he exchanged a bottle on the marble slab. He then went away—not unobserved. That very night Gerald Oakenshaw's steps had been conducted, by the policeman he had employed, to an upper room in an empty house opposite, that he might ascertain whether the man he had but recently seen as the claimant to the late Mr. Ormond's estate was the same with the rather ambiguous tenant of an abode not wholly unknown to the police. Annchen, the servant belonged to a family of Dutch, or Germans, employed in a sugar-baking manufactory near, who were not exactly in good odour with the police—petty offences had made them troublesome.

It would be presumptive evidence against Miss Ormond's enemy if he were found to be the companion or employer of suspicious characters. "He might, in that case, have some guilty knowledge of Edina's disap-

pearance," argued Gerald. His watch was so far satisfactory, that, in the clear moonlight, he felt certain of this man being the person he sought to identify. Knowing the city place of business he frequented, and his hotel, Gerald was interested in staying to watch the premises.

He heard there was a sick person there, for a doctor's boy took medicines; and that a nurse was seen. A doctor came occasionally from the opposite side of the river. No one else visited the dwelling. After hearing these particulars, he sat at the window and watched the house until the moon went down and all was as dark as it was still. He was just leaving his post when he was startled at seeing a faint ray of light in the upper panes of the windows of one of the rooms, and the shadows of a person or persons moving within, for about half an hour. He could not see what was being done, or distinguish the forms. Suddenly the light was withdrawn, and the house wrapped in gloom. There was a mystery, he felt assured, and the hope of finding Edina mixed itself up with every thought of his mind.

Late as it was, he resolved to go to Gilbert Graspington's lodgings, arouse him, and make him acquainted with his suspicions. Gilbert, whose evening leisure had been taken up of late by Miss Ormond's affairs, was making up arrears of reading, after the fashion of stealing hours from slumber, and therefore heard Gerald Oakenshaw's knock, and prevented any one else being disturbed by letting his friend in himself. The young men talked more than an hour over the incidents Gerald related, and agreed to meet in the twilight next evening, and endeavour to obtain an entrance to the house.

Before they separated, Gilbert, with as angry a look as could cloud his open brow, admitted, in reply to Gerald's question, that Mr. Graspington had not waited for the opinion of counsel—which had come that day, and was adverse to Miss Ormond—but had actually linked this upstart claimant with some new money-making scheme of his, the shares of which had been offered on the Stock Exchange that day.

"He may be my kinsman by blood," said Gilbert, "but in spirit he is no relation of mine. I am glad I left him. I would come to my last crust rather than be such a time-serving money-grubber."

"Well, he cannot complain of your practising the lesson of disowning kindred that he has taught you. And that old kinswoman of his is as bad."

"Oh, Kizzy! No, not as bad. She has grown to her lot—like a limpet to a rock. Poor Kizzy has fretted about Edina."

"I'm glad to hear it, for the honour of human nature." And with brief farewells they separated until the next day.

Gilbert employed an hour in the middle of the day in procuring temporary lodgings for Mrs. Tregabbitt and Miss Ormond in Princes Street, Cavendish Square.

Somehow he had become, in this time of trouble, their referee and man of business. His ever prompt and delicate attentions were now, from contrast with the coldness of others, in danger of being exaggerated by Kate, who had, certainly, got so far in the work of self-condemnation to say to herself, "How could I ever be

so absurd as to give a moment's notice to that presuming Mr. Clipp, and treat Gilbert Graspington so abominably?"

But we cannot linger to record Kate's wholesome self-reproach; we must hasten to Edina, who was like some shipwrecked creature, that from a little boat amid the foaming breakers, sees land near, and knows not how to wait for the next tide, but wants rashly to rush upon the rocks. Old Norah was cautious enough to resist her impatience.

"Whist! we're in the lion's mouth, honey; sure we must mind his teeth," she said, when Edina proposed their trying to get the keys from Annchen, and escape. Norah had seen that there were three locks that were never undone until the master came. A little panel cut in the door was opened to take in messages or letters. The doctor never had called except when L'Estrange was in the house. It occurred to Norah that the best way of preventing Edina betraying herself, would be to make her keep her bed as if under an access of illness.

It was six o'clock before L'Estrange, with a look of both weariness and excitement, gave his well-known knock at the door; and, opening one lock from outside, was let in by Annchen undoing two other fastenings. He looked fixedly at the woman for a moment, in silence, as if expecting some communication from her. As she did not speak, with an effort he uttered some words in German, and she departed to call Mrs. M'Mahon, who assumed that peculiar stolidity with which the Irish can, at will, vary their acuteness.

"How—how is your patient?" he coughed nervously, to hide a little falter in his voice.

"Oh, then in this place the air's not good for being better."

"Then she's worse?"

"Shure an' if she is, it's not I that can help it."

"Ah, I feared she was; I don't blame you; I'm not finding fault, but do you give—that is, does she take her medicine regularly?"

"Ah, then she's lying down entirely this day; and ye'd better not be disturbing her, anyhow."

A secret reason caused him to interpret this reply into a remonstrance against disturbing the dying, and, with eyes quailing a little, he gave an elaborate sigh, and walked to his own room, where Annchen stood at the door, and he answered her inquiry as to whether he had dined, in the negative, adding, of course in her own language, "I hope you've one of your capital omelettes ready."

Yes, he had lingered that day on 'Change; and despite the deadly secrets on his mind, hearing Miss Ormond was vacating Rivercroft, had tasted by anticipation the sweets of possession, and was able to sympathise with the egotism of Mr. Graspington, and to exult like him in visions of a golden future. He had not allowed himself time to take refreshment. So now, while he thought death was impending in Edina's chamber, he fortified himself with copious draughts of wine, and luxuriated in Annchen's savoury omelette.

His meal was disturbed by a loud knock at the door. Was it the doctor come unexpectedly? No; it was

a message of importance from Mr. Graspington that must be given to himself." Why, how had old Graspington learnt his whereabouts? Never mind, he must see his messenger.

He rose rather feebly to his feet, and began to blame the potency of the wine he had drunk, or his long previous fast. What ailed him? He clasped the chair-back tightly. He could not move to go down, Annchen must show the messenger up. He managed to throw a large Bandana handkerchief over the litter of papers on the table, and awaited his visitor.

Gerald Oakenshaw's was the face that met his dizzy gaze—a face he instantly remembered; and, though his senses were reeling, he knew detection was impending. While holding by his left hand to the chair, he slid his right under the handkerchief over the table, and, clutching a pistol, drew it forth, crying, "Off—or you're a dead man."

Quick as lightning Gerald closed with him, and, wrenching the pistol from his grasp, saw, with intense amazement, his enemy sink to the ground, groaning heavily, in a spasm of pain.

"Help!" shouted Gerald, and a man's footsteps were heard on the stairs, amid the screams of Annchen, who was trying to stay him. It was Gilbert Graspington, who was rushing to join his friend, and, who equally throwing off the hostile clutch of Annchen and the friendly grasp of Norah, who had come out at the noise, entered the room where, writhing in agonies on the floor, was the man they sought. Neither of them had expected that their first encounter would immediately end in helping and ministering to their enemy. Yet so it was. They lifted from the ground a frightful object, whose paroxysms of agony were so great, that all their youthful vigour was hardly enough to enable them to hold him. Annchen, seeing the condition of her master, lost every other fear in the imminent danger of his instant death. She thrust her hand into his pocket to get his handkerchief, to wipe the foam from his lips, and drew out with it a little bottle.

"Poison!" said the young men, with one voice. No, the phial was full, had never been uncorked. Annchen seemed to know it. Holding it before the dilated eyes of the sufferer, she asked, with a shriek, had he touched the bottle on the slab last night.

He did not answer. His eyes rolled horribly. The woman hastily tasted it, and recognised the flavouring she used in preparing omelettes.

"There's—a—a—mistake," he gasped.

Whether his torture would have permitted him to utter another word could not be known, for, at the door, clinging to her nurse's arm, stood Edina. In a moment with a cry of joy, Gerald, followed by Gilbert, rushed to her side. The revulsion of feeling was too much for her weakness, and she fainted.

They bore her in their arms to the couch in the sitting-room, glad that the awful spectacle they had just witnessed, had not been clearly seen by Edina.

Gilbert rushed off to fetch the nearest doctor; and, when Edina opened her eyes, it was to find Gerald near, and to hear his voice.

(To be concluded in our next.)